Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. *Philadelphia, June 10, 1837.* *Whole No. 828.*

TIVOLI—ITALY.

Tivoli, on the Teverone, remarkable for its classical associations and beautiful situation, is the capital of a district in the Campagna di Roma; population, 8,000; eighteen miles northeast of Rome. The Teverone here precipitates itself nearly 100 feet in one mass, and then rushes through a chasm of the rock into a cavern below. Here are some beautiful remains of the vicinity, the remains of the ancient Tibur. Near the town is also the Solfatara, or Lago di Bagni.

Amongst the antiquities of Tivoli are some extensive ruins of a villa, which later, occupied the name of the villa of Maecenas. They are beautifully seated on the highest ridge of the heights, and present, on the one side, a view of Rome in the distance, and on the other that of the Teverone with its magnificent rocks and falls. The ruins are remarkable for the range of kitchens arcades which they display, and which argue fully in the hours of a social party attracted the admiration and employed the pencil of Will All the remains of the Tiburtine villa have been appropriated, by the ingenuity of an ingenious and passionate, various classical connexion, and the traveller is conducted to the villa of Lucullus, of Arcadius, and of Properzius, without the slightest regard to the truth of such respectable authority. A few of the ancient edifices are, however, pointed out, which have escaped, as the villa of Quintilius Varus, still called Quintiliano, and celebrated in the verse of Horace.

pletely finished in his manner? With what brilliance does he receive and return courtesies. And as, each instant, he takes the elegant position to make the greatest bow, you let slip a prostituted yours go forth, exactly as the manner of your reception. Young sir, mind, this art not only heir to the highest destinies in Europe, but a art like the accomplished and exceptional gentlemen therein. Shall I go on describing the scene,—the representatives here of every civilized nation, the magnificence of the costumes? Shall I try to picture down to black silk, upon which every diamond shone with the most gorgeous, many-colored, many-mounted pattern in the universe? Shall I wield words over the magnificent Hall of the Marshals? A great author truly, and how shall it be begun?

But begin it must, and the beginning shall be a presentation in of valse. It cannot to an encompte [illegible] agreeable.

* * * *

Just from the ball. There can be no objection to the style of this letter. "Twice as much room in magnificence even under the Empire," declared a gray-headed General to his bachelor Superbe, magnissime, said a member of the Chamber of that period, in turned one of the three, in black pantaloons and coat. "Really, this is equal, my sire, my dear or by night. And to the ball, to the ball, my sire."

And when white I stood,
The wild winds rose,
The moon look'd down,
With its fearful eye,
And the sky became dark,
And the wild dogs howl'd!

And the moan-monkey,
I chose to see it for the theme.

The very ball, the ball, the ball, the ball, the ball, When he! there came on the dancing time, A shiv! a ship! and she soon shot past. Who was not there? Every body capable of dread, Nor a sad was set, nor a cousins spread, And one he had no thought, she might defy Her self to be a bit of a lady, I, But how! oh, how! we at leader-arch, As the waves in their watery course do shift, Or as the leaves, when the winds are at strife, Are the leaves, a flash that shades each other— Nor a sad was set, nor a cousins spread, And one he had no thought, she might defy Her self to be a bit of a lady, I, But how! oh, how! we at leader-arch, As the waves in their watery course do shift, Or as the leaves, when the winds are at strife, Are the leaves, a flash that shades each other— She's on from a Queen to another and then, And so on and so on, and so on again, And now! she explodes, the loud crash and the light,

Then to a plume and to lighten the night—
And then there arose such a clashing thud,
And a wild cry of agony,
And such a hasty and three rap on,
As no art of the tongue can tell,
And the unwonted music, and the next and flow,
And the wing thawed the orchestra's way;
But come again and the glorious day,
Come then even with the glorious day.

'Twas in vain that those seniors who shaped the explosion
Endeavored to hide all the lightning,
For the wide-smelling waves, of its dark scene by
Shone, even on and their spoke to rest.
And the bless, lucky shots,
Stone, were not wounded,
With exception, of course, to the one more.
Or who will tell of that gallant lad,
Or who will tell it just,
Or who will speak of that lovely lad,
That's wretched beside the ornamentary.
The task is his, to some occasion lend,
And he will be wounded by it,
With the tones all love to it,
And he's long of that have his tell-tale,
In the story that that pleasant tee-tat.

Hockey, June, 1837.

PARIS 14 1837.

"This is something of a here, this business of Presentation," said my friend Tom Raw, as we sunk into my arm-chair, and tried to smoke the lightly-buttoned cool cedar, which after two years had still strangled us. "That's a mystery to me over. 'Twas no great things after all. And for the life of me I can't see what good it does. It requires nothing in you extraordinary recherche. It is not a rare honour whatever, and only what put places into those hats. It is as easy as to—Stop, you are an American, only come to your country's Minister, and afterwards put your legs into a pair of cream-coloured pantaloons, [illegible] and you are entitled to wear those collar and cuffs are golden-laced, your head into a chapeau bras, your hand into kids, wherewith hang a sword, your hands into white gloves, and your carriage, that decorated, into the procession of your thirty-six countrymen, who, at eight o'clock, on the evening of the 23rd of April, will be found in the grand staircase of the Tuileries into the Hall of the Marshals.

Ranged all in a row, you see moving towards you a pear-shaped man, in a ceremony of an intensely black, and of whiskers intensely white. Pray, do you feel any misgiving that that is approaching you at the head of the Ministers of the Union of France, my name, as name say, the destinies of a Nation? You have seen Kings, one Emperor, one Archduke, forty-six Princes, and Princesses, and Princes and Princesses not number, and moreover the Pope. Louis Philippe speaks the best English in the world, and will you believe it, has gentlemen next you, "Pray, how long since your family moved from France?" "Why, Sir, I am a Yankee." "but you may ask of Royalty no questions; merely to hold your peace and that of your neighbour the good prescribed by etiquette.

But here comes the Queen. Two daughters are near her. One you pronounce lovely, and both of them mirrors, wherein all the noble daughters of France might make their toilette. They completely embody your notion of the premier, wherein destined to your early reading from the Arabian Lancy, or calmly dreamed out in moments of perverse and [illegible] "Did you have a pleasant passage across the Atlantic?" "In Paris as may as you accustomed to find it?" "Are fact the Americans great travelers." These are the little queries, you hear or answer, in those quantities of royal blood stream gently by you. And now, many are the graces of, and many are the nearly bearings and expressions carefully arresting your eye—But of all grace, and right mouth-ed, what more perfect emb-d, must be there, [illegible] Louise Duke of Orleans. What clear and intelligent many in his countenance! How gen-

"Ha! remembered a passage in one of [illegible]'s letters, running somewhat thus: "To-day I visited Quintilli-Varo's [illegible] Dan Juan, she stumbled or more cluster the Lil'ium and of the Rose, and asked me what it meant. I told her "nothing," but our husband is coming. As I said this in Italian, it was more emphatic. As I started up as I told and said, "O! my *God*, is he coming?" adding it was her own husband. I was quite right to leave out the theatre—you may be [illegible] when we found out Mamma-dee, &c. &c."

Gently observing our way through masses of [illegible], from Dukes and Grand Dukes down-wards, we arrived at the Hall of the Throne, [illegible] were the place. There were several [illegible]. Around one of them I observed four or five Grand Turks, all wearing the [illegible] of the cards before them, and behind the chair of each stood an elegantly liveried noble attendant—Nothing enchanted me more than the serious, philosophical, imperturbable gravity, [illegible] with the air of those representatives of the Sublime Porte. What a contrast with the young, joyous, and [illegible] aspect of dreary double bass in the midst of fête and fêtes. I was charmed with the sovereign indifference to all around, with which they assiduously conducted on their games from the beginning to the end. They spoke no [illegible]. They did nothing but play at cards. Not all these dignitaries could one [illegible] to his head, while his great eyes would roll over the glorious scene, [illegible] with an eye of fire, more amusing, and suggesting the thought that his present [illegible] was the result of the Palace of Louis Philippe, as Turkey on this side the Bosphorous was to succeed into Europe. [illegible] had called his eyes over the fair faces an Seine, he cried them about the [illegible] regard to his countenance. Where, think you, were his thoughts at that moment? Not on the fair bosoms, around certain harems in Constantinople.

Waiting through the different halls hung in the [illegible] and for the [illegible] were [illegible] dazzled by the blaze of a hundred chandeliers, forming in the centre of each room a splendid cupola, in the centre of the fairest and the noblest of Europe's [illegible]. Of course, an agreeable employ of a stranger at a ball or [illegible] at Court is to be waltzed with as [illegible] to the songs. A strange social retrograde, indeed, if matrimony were [illegible] become the [illegible] of a country that might be named, an abyss, whereon [illegible] of youth; a state, wherein the woman's court animus is to be the stimulus, the [illegible] of [illegible] an ambition by the way, in which she takes a necessary a flyge from the negle t to some individual upon whom she may screen in society. The French woman is but the [illegible] of the French girl. She is [illegible] as formerly, by the consummate taste of Victorine and [illegible] exertion. She [illegible] the youth. Her dress is eternally scrutinized; her mode is properly appreciated; and she is [illegible] not one [illegible] in the [illegible] of her early limbs, or the civilities, which twenty years ago, she first set [illegible] to, was to a private extent, [illegible] from those four very advanced ladies here waltzing [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]. One of them, mother, you perceive, has gray hairs—not exactly from age, perhaps, but from [illegible]. She monthly purchased the *opinione*, until they grew too monstrously. Did she then [illegible] to fatally betray her [illegible]? By no means. The subtle-interval are treated as much deception as storm the rarest [illegible]. They cannot as gracefully, and arranged as significantly. With [illegible] Gloire, are not only honorable, but fashionable, and he must be unpardonably morose, who could pronounce her [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] old woman. Many and many have been my [illegible] to [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] this before me.

And as to the matter of civility to the sex, I spit to add, that so far as my observation has extended, France in 1837, may not with safety be pronounced to be [illegible] in a model thereof. With all the polite attentions bestowed upon the [illegible] and the young in certain high circles, are one over general indifference and even [illegible] to the [illegible] of the [illegible] never expected to find—at least in Paris. Nay, more, I will say that it is [illegible] to find in an individual. I have seen on recent extraordinary instances of unpardonably deportment in the [illegible] of the [illegible] of Europe. At private soirees, gentlemen of course [illegible] to the [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible], at least from regard for the individual in question, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in pass a few hours. Out of these saloons, among strangers, there are no drivers of politeness, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE TOURNAMENT.

We give below an extract from the new novel of Crichton, a notice of which will be found in another column. It is a description of the Combat à Outrance, and is a spirited delineation of the warfare of the Tournament.

Accompanied by the Vicomte de Joyeuse, Crichton now rode into the champ clos approached from the combat. Erected within a garden, or court, as it might more properly be termed, at the back of the Louvre, the lists were close-set to the height of the thickness of the pasteries, and extended to the length of many yards; while the space within the barriers, being carefully sanded and cleared of all impurities, presented a very picturesque appearance for the delectation of knightly prowess.

Above the heads of the palace, as a level with the windows, rose thrones open for the convenience of the spectators, was raised a temporary balcony, decorated with wide steps, and hung with magnificent tapestry. Divided, at certain distances, into square casements, and filled with the richest brocade, decorated with fleurs-de-lys, spears and escutcheons, and fastening with silver ornaments, this balcony occupied one side of the quadrangular court. At the further extremity of the lists stood a great tent of military finery, inspired by heavy palisade, destined for the reception of the three squires, their attendants, and the dames of honour. The mantles and hangings of this splendid structure were of golden velvet, flowered with ciphers of silver; displaying on the centre a vast argent shield, emblazoned with the royal escutcheon of France. At the right of the tiltyard was placed a scaffold, with palisaded reserved head compartments, for the use of the marshals and judges of the field, and next to this, under a pointed roof, with gilded vane, for the labourers, sat apart for the favourites of Henri III., in the centre of which was a raised and canopied for his majesty's own occupation. At either end stood two pavilions of striped silk for the use of the esquires, armourers, and other attendants of the combatants. Upon a low scaffold to the left of the grand gallery, guarded by four officials, disguised in the gaudily landercolored livid cassock of the time, and each rounded by a band of halberdiers, stood Rogiette, with his hands folded upon his bosom, and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Indicating to his retinue the position they were to occupy, Joyeuse rode through the entrance of the lists and joined the marshals of the field. Crichton followed slowly. The lances of the Scot beat high as he gazed upon the inspiriting scene. The morning was bright and beautiful; the sunbeams, glanced on vapour, on courtier, and on the thousand dies of banner and blazon; the soft breeze, tempered by the genial warmth of approaching spring, served with its freshening breath to give enthusiasm to the heart and vigour to the frame; and so fully did Crichton feel the influence of these stirring thoughts, that, sparring his charger, he compelled him to perform a demivolte in the air, and then to career round the arena. All was in readiness and excitement. The rustle of silks, the pleasant sound of gentle voices, the flash of brilliants from above, announced the arrival of the ongles de pucelle; and the measured tramp of horses, turned by the mistrels; as the locusts, the cavaliers of the Louvre poured forth its stream of beauty; and as our lady-fair gazed upon those lovely and high-born dames, whose natural charms were heightened by the utmost help of fanciful ornament and dress, he felt his bosom beat with redoubled ardour. Retiring his steed, he paused to look around. On all sides were ranged dense masses of spectators, over whose upper tier bends bristled the glancing pikes and halberts of the sergeants. On the right of the royal gallery were arrayed the ladies-in-waiting of the Baron d'Epernay, glistening in steel, and headed by the baron himself; on the left, behind the scaffold of the astrologer, the sumptuous retinue of the Duc de Nevers was displayed, awaiting but the appearance of the dames on the balcony, regardless of the interdiction of the heralds, had climbed into the course, were now seen extending their hacks towards its sides, from whence fell a shower of wreaths, bracelets, and flowers, which were speedily attached to salade and spear.—Much occupation had the heralds and the pursuivants, the marshals, whose province was to maintain a clear field; and the champions, waving their hands to their mistresses, were now descended the ring. Amid the subordinate officers of the tiltyard, we must not omit to have mentioned the pursuivants, the trumpeters, with their clarions drawn up in front of the royal gallery, and the heralds stationed at each corner.

A silent was now raised by the crowd, and the Scot's attention was directed towards the grand gallery, in which the royal party and the other denominations made their appearance. Amid the latter Crichton at once distinguished Catherine de Medicis, the Princess of Conde, as we shall henceforth style her, was perfectly pale but her want of colour in no wise detracted from her loveliness. On the contrary, she had never before appeared so eminently beautiful. The death of her lover; one had he heretofore, as he fondly, remarked so much dignity and calm composure in her demeanour. In fact, the events of the last night, and the knowledge so recently and mysteriously acquired of her exalted position, had worked a sudden but entire change in Eschivemonde's character. She was no longer an orphan maiden without name and without family. Now her pride, of which she had been but hitherto unconscious, kindled within her bosom, and a resolution, as yet wholly unknown to her, to assume and sustain her newly acquired rank with its difficult tie to which she was exposed.—This new young courage was the more powerful from the ordeal to which she was shortly afterward subjected in an interview with Catherine de Medicis and Marguerite de Valois, both of whom with their attendants, now entered the gallery.—Neither her firmness failed her not in the trial, and she returned the scrutinizing look of the queen mother with a glance as lofty as her own. Marguerite was all smiles and courtesy; but the mask of a royal smile is sudden to be found, and Crichton, who was well acquainted with Marguerite's talent for dissimulation, knew that the professions of friendship and winning attentions, the deadliest treachery. These greetings concluded, Eschivemonde, at the request of the Queen Louise, took the throne appointed for her as sovereign arbitress of the tourney—a chair placed a little in advance of the royal seats, and surmounted as to shape and richness by object of attraction to the spectators. Her costume was a robe of white damask, flowered with silver, with sleeves of velvet, and a mantle on the inside of the purest, embroidered with fleurs-de-lys and green pearls. Her head was bare of hair, but appeared so attractive, and a murmur of admiration arose from the crowd as her beauty became more fully revealed to their view.

The signal for the game of the princess fell upon the knightly figure of her lover; who, bending to his saddlebow, gracefully tendered his homage. As she returned the salutation the heart of Crichton trembled, and her courage entirely forsook her. Crichton perceived the change in her deportment; and assumed, if possible, to display her bravery—compelled his steed into its freshest caracoles; and was about to quit the field when his progress was arrested by loud cries of "Mad! Mad!—Stop!—Seize him!—" Faufares of trumpets and the clash of cymbals succeeded, and Henri, fully and magnificently armed, entered into the arena. He was attended by the Marquis de Villemur, Saint Luc, and a county throng. The royal charger, a spare Arabian, was caparisoned with sweeping bardes of crimson velvet and figured with golden crescents and doves. Courteously saluting the sort, and bidding him good speed for the signal of the combat which would be shortly given, Henri directed his course towards the grand gallery, and, addressing Eschivemonde, selected a favour at her hands. But the princess had left the gallery unobserved

PUBLIC LEDGER AND EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, June 10, 1837.

DIRECTORY TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

The reception of the States and the denomination of the currency.—The Southern, Western and eastern parts of the Western States, cannot naturally to reform the system of credits and commerce. Some suggestions of the writer on the present subscriptions.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, or at the option of the publisher, a strong presumption of debts due to, emanating in many thousand cases, would be the inevitable consequence.

Agents should be realized.

Shall try the "experiment," by discontinuing the publication of the paper to the subscribers and paid in advance, in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia; the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.

The publication of the paper to the subscribers who were in the habit of paying for, and those who are desirous of receiving it, and will answer our purposes.

☞ Another specimen of the *honesty* of some of the subscribers to the Public Ledger.

Notice to The Postmaster at Leighton, Alabama.

Sir—I have only bill for two years and a half subscription, with an endorsement that the subscription was paid. Mr. Hopper, for two years ago. The postmaster kindly permitted us to continue the paper without proper notice, and we hope he would otherwise have escaped. A charge of a serious a nature deserved to be received with the utmost caution, and time allowed for the detection of the error, which has it has not been put forward—not by the captain, but by some of his officers, and signed by five of the passengers on board his vessel. From this statement it appears that those persons saw the general loss of life that ensued, he did not attempt to render any assistance to those of his fellow creatures, who were in the midst of the mist. That the fire was supposed to proceed from the burning of sugar canes on shore; that after running 11 miles, they stopped to take in wood, at which she remained from 2 o'clock at 3 o'clock she proceeded down the river, and soon after met the Columbus; that the Columbus stopped, and had her boat lowered in consequence of which the Alton stopped also; that the Alton was hailed from the Columbus, but those on board the former could not hear what was said; that the Columbus went on, up the river, the Alton waiting about a minute, expecting a boat, but none coming from the Columbus, she also went on; that in the boat launched into Fort Adams reach, they saw a boat on fire, being the first intimation they had of the disaster; that the captain and commander of the boat on fire were steered directly for the burning vessel, but while yet three quarters of a mile distant, the latter blew up, and the fire disappeared; that the Alton remained by the wreck for about half an hour, and lay there for some time, (not stated how long,) and then proceeded slowly down the river, picking up such persons as were found on the wreck. All the deponents affirm that they saw no persons floating on the water, and heard no cries for assistance. It is also sworn by one of the deponents that a trifle in the scale, by the negligence of the Columbus, that the replies from on board the Alton, were not heard on board the Columbus.

We do not offer any opinion on the above statement, but it seems to us it might have been better understood, that the Columbus was called to the testament of those who would have an interest in concealing the facts attending this transaction, as would be the case on the evidence of the captain of the Alton. And why does not the Captain come forward himself. Probably the unnatural villainy of the deed is the best defence that could be offered in favor of his innocence.

FOREIGN PAUPERS.

Every vessel that arrives from Europe now, brings a horde of foreign paupers, to be supported at the expense of the citizens of the United States. Is this a country to be made the receptacle for the vagrants and outcasts of foreign nations, and is there no remedy for the evil? The mere burthen of the expense of their support is but a trifle in the scale, when compared with the moral leprosy, that will soon infuse its contamination into the purest classes of our population. It is time that we should look to the prevalence and increase of crime in our larger cities. The dregs of humanity that Europe casts upon this country, mingle with and leaven the whole mass of our population. Every ship that touches our shores from a foreign port adds its quota to the vice and misery, which every day is more and more forced upon us. It is time that we looked to the consequences.

We perceive with some surprise that considerable diversity of opinion has been expressed by the press, in that matter. The New York Star, and National Gazette of this city, both opposed to the policy of the general government, have been unsparing in their censure of the course sustaining the conduct of the Captain of the Natchez, the latter condemning it vehemently.

The question however did not seem to be of much importance in public opinion, and it is now finally settled, in a manner, which will doubtless prove acceptable to all.

THE LOSS OF THE BEN SHERROD.

It may be recollected in the account of the destruction by fire of the steam boat, named boat, the conduct of the captain of another vessel called the Alton, was severely commented upon. It was stated that those persons knowing the general loss of life that ensued, he did not attempt to render any assistance to those of his fellow creatures, who were in the midst of the mist. That the fire was supposed to proceed from the burning of sugar canes on shore; that after running 11 miles, they stopped to take in wood, at which she remained from 2 o'clock at 3 o'clock she proceeded down the river, and soon after met the Columbus; that the Columbus stopped, and had her boat lowered in consequence of which the Alton stopped also; that the Alton was hailed from the Columbus, but those on board the former could not hear what was said; that the Columbus went on, up the river, the Alton waiting about a minute, expecting a boat, but none coming from the Columbus, she also went on; that in the boat launched into Fort Adams reach, they saw a boat on fire, being the first intimation they had of the disaster; that the captain and commander of the boat on fire were steered directly for the burning vessel, but while yet three quarters of a mile distant, the latter blew up, and the fire disappeared; that the Alton remained by the wreck for about half an hour, and lay there for some time, (not stated how long,) and then proceeded slowly down the river, picking up such persons as were found on the wreck. All the deponents affirm that they saw no persons floating on the water, and heard no cries for assistance. It is also sworn by one of the deponents that a trifle in the scale, by the negligence of the Columbus, that the replies from on board the Alton, were not heard on board the Columbus.

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CITY BANKS.

We deem it our duty to advert to the conduct of the directors of some of these institutions. Some appear to have taken a very wise precaution. So far from endeavouring to relieve their debtors, and thus lighten the burdens under which the community labour, they seem to have confidence in the direction of a contracted and selfish policy, they seem bent upon adding to the already almost insupportable load, by contracting their discounts, and curtailing their issues. By this means they expect to gain an advantage over those who have endeavoured to favour their debtors, by a more liberal course of business. We think they will be greatly mistaken—and when the legislature assembles, neither the people nor the press will be silent upon this point.

We admit that it is the duty of the Banks, to strengthen themselves against the time when their strength shall be called for, but this can not be done at the expense of the community.—Their discount should be continued in the same ratio, that they were some months since, and the suspension took place; neither increasing nor curtailing their responsibilities. It is not by exhibiting their strength that their charters will be confirmed. If a package of bank notes opposed by a selish policy, should be presented, the Banks will stand but a small chance of gaining by their contraction. But when it is offered to some cases, we have good reason to believe, for it will at least secure a reasonable time to debtors, in which to discharge their obligations.—And we must confess that we see no obligation to favour those, who have shown no favour to any.

MALT.

By an advertisement in some of the daily prints, we perceive that the Brewers in this city, have held a meeting to repel the imputation of their using injurious and poisonous substances in the manufacture of malt liquors.—They denounce the charge as completely false and unfounded.

NAVAL.

By order of the board of Navy Commissioners, an examination of medical officers to the service, will shortly be held in this city. Dr. W. Barton, President.

MARRIAGES.

Correspondents favouring us with marriage notices, will please endorse them with a responsible name, as it is a rule from which we never vary in our columns. We have a letter before us from Strode's Mills, Pa. in which this has been omitted, and in consequence the request of the writer cannot be complied with.

EDUCATION.

A correspondent, who states himself to be a young man, possessed of a common English education, and desirous of further literary improvement, at his leisure hours, asks for a suitable, requests our advice in ascertaining how to accomplish this object. It has occurred to us that there are many country gentlemen, who would feel an interest in the question, and we have, therefore, bestowed upon it our most serious reflection. We recommend our correspondent in person and study attentively the reviews and essays in the numerous magazines, published in Great Britain, and which can be readily obtained in this country. By this judicious course of *these*, will repay the reader in useful and varied information, better than any other means we could suggest.

PATENT RAIL ROAD.

We have been furnished with a description of the patent railway and rail track, invented by U. Emmons, and of which a model has been exhibited at the Exchange, for some days past.—The plan is recommended to the notice of capitalists and other engineers of high standing. There is little doubt of its practicability, but as regards the saving of expense, it will be found to be sustained upon trial. We believe that the estimate in most new inventions generally averages about one third of the cost. We do not know whether this will be the case in the present instance, but at all events as the scheme is to be divided into shares, the eventual loss to individuals embarking in it would be but small.

BETTING ON THE RIGHT COLT.

At a recent election in England, one of the candidates invented an ingenious method of satisfying the delicacy of his constituents, who were willing to bet with their votes for a "suitable consideration," but were averse to take the required oath, at the polls, that they were unbought. He offered to bet every one of them ten pounds a piece, that they would not vote for him. None of them would refuse the bet, for that would show a want of proper English spirit. There was no oath against betting, and the result was, that our candidate lost the money, returned to Parliament, by an immense

MEXICO.

From the account in an adjoining column it will be seen that the President of this disturbed nation, has relinquished the United States resolutely detained at Matamoras and other ports. This measure will in all probability obviate any hostile movement on the part of the United States Government, which it might have felt it necessary to adopt, in maintaining its just right. We sincerely rejoice at this result.—The country is in a state at present, that little less than the majority on the side of the loyal liberals. Had it not been for the pacific line of policy adopted by Bustamente, (whereby he evinces infinite prudence and discretion) war must have inevitably been the result. It is true that the superior strength of the forces of the United States would eventually have terminated the contest in their favour, but not before the trade of the Gulf of Mexico, had been lost to us.

THE POLLS.

The election for representative of the third district, to take place on the 20th of this month, will be warmly contested. Mr. Ingersoll the Administration candidate is popular on that party, and his recent report on the convention, will in all probability, render him still more so. On the other hand the opposition will do their utmost to oppose him, and maintain if its just right. We sincerely rejoice at this result.—The country is in a state at present, that little less than the majority on the side of the loyal liberals. Had it not been for the pacific line of policy adopted by Bustamente, (whereby he evinces infinite prudence and discretion) war must have inevitably been the result. It is true that the superior strength of the forces of the United States would eventually have terminated the contest in their favour, but not before the trade of the Gulf of Mexico, had been lost to us.

When General Jackson made war on the U. S. Bank, and determined to crush it, we advocated that institution on the ground of *National* policy, without regard to party politics, believing that the currency was the vital principle of the Currency, exchange &c. For this honest opinion—we lost more than a thousand of our good co trons who believed that Jackson could crush Biddle, and in addition to the multitude of events; sufferings, and opinions arising, proving the general conviction of the miserable delusion and imposition practised by the late administration, we copy a letter just received from a worthy "Van" friend in New York.

"I know not how you stand affected by the derangement of the currency, and the total prostration of our national prosperity: Philadelphia has more capital, the possessors of it are more independent, and their dealings, and less inclined to enter into chimerical speculations, they may therefore weather the storm without perfect ruin—but as of New York are hopeless, irretrievably ruined.—The crisis is even now distant, and yet we are crushed. The sapiency of our general government has wrought a grave for our city, and its consorts—we are unable to do more than that our mercantiles, who, six months gone could insist at Cæsar's fortunes, now fill a Cæsar's grave. I have but one consolation, and that is of my Jacksonism to become the abuser and will not intrude upon your time with expressions of reanatiasm. "Enough for the day &c."

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of New Jersey has adjourned. The paper passed the bill for the relief of Banks, it was expected, and to effect which purpose, we believe was the only cause of its being summoned together. It appears that the Van Buren members have a due sense of duty to appoint their adherents to sundry vacant offices, before passing the bill which they were willing to do. The Whig's were not averse to favor of the relief bill, but determined that it should pass first. This the other party refused, and the Whig's have left the city, thereby preventing a quorum being formed. Neither would yield, and in consequence, the bill which all were in favour of, was lost.

We have no comment upon this most ridiculous and disgraceful affair. Their constituents will decide how far they are to be trifled with, and by whom.

Several of the Georgia Banks have announced their determination to suspend specie payments, and think they will be able to stand it out.

—LITERARY NOTICES.—

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have published the second part of the life of Walter Scott, by Lockhart. This volume together with the one previously issued, contains a mass of interesting information respecting the greatest literary character that has existed in the present century.—The part now before us includes the period during which Sir Walter, was established in his poetical celebrity by an impartial public, and some years previous to the time of his appearance as a novelist. We presume the life of the children's asylum, and a visit here is well calculated to reverence the memory of its illustrious subject in the minds of the readers that will not be included in this description.

Crichton—By W. H. Ainsworth.—The author of this work has succeeded in basing a very respectable fiction, on a very slender foundation of historical truth. A laboriously written romance, founded upon historical facts or works, written in mongrel Italian, and still more execrable Latin, forms no very favourable letter of introduction to the public, and we think it very doubtful, whether the work would be read by any undecided opinion, respecting the researches of the author, and a very decided one respecting his audience as a writer of fiction, would sustained to the last: but we must not forget to mention the ingenious and repeated violations of historical truth.

We may observe respecting the real history of the "admirable Crichton," that he was a native of Scotland, much misery, yet the opinions of those who have fully investigated it, do not yield to him the high merits contended for, by his biographers. Indeed the young prodigy as he is usually called, appears to have been principally an accomplished scholar—but as to his extraordinary acquirements, we must be pardoned for our inability to believe them more than partially true, or involved in obscurity. The authorities cited by Mr. Ainsworth, are neither convincing nor more.

Of the above work, merely as a fictitious composition, (and as such it should be viewed) it possesses considerable merit. The character of Crichton is a prepossessing one, and the general interest—the remaining sketches, though inferior, are well managed. An extract will be found in another column. The work is for sale by H. Perkins.

"Jenny I Go Ore the Treacherous Deep."—The words by Mr. T. D. English, whose poetical contributions to our periodicals are justly generally admired, and copied in the periodicals of the day. The melody of the above is singularly beautiful and plaintive, though the words are not, in our opinion, equal to many of the effusions of our correspondent.

We learn that the "ARGUMENT," published by the Poet Laureate, by the same author will shortly be issued by Mr. Miller.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.

The drama of the "Forced Marriage," was, re-united on Saturday evening for the benefit of Mrs. Keely. The performance was good, with the exception of Mr. Watson's part, which was intolerable. Why did not Mr. Wood take the part—or was there no other actor capable of it.

Miss Tree is now going through her round of characters at this theatre. Owing to the season she does not draw a full house. We do not wonder at the necessity to remark further upon her acting than we have hitherto done—with the exception of Ion, to which we are ever ready to render due justice. Her performance of Ion, by the, most striking beauty in this play has hitherto passed unnoticed—which is, that the interest of the audience is kept up principally by Alinaros in the first part of the piece—nor does the character of Ion appear in the foreground until the closing acts, where there is nothing to attract attention from it. The performance of Mr. Wood in the first named part is unquestionably the finest piece of acting that has been witnessed in this country since the departure of Forrest. An amusing farce called the "Wandering Minstrel" was played on Tuesday evening, in which Bouton sustained the principal character with great success.

Mr. Hamilton's benefit took place on Wednesday evening. The house was full, and the audience storm in their applause of his acting which was well merited on his part.

The "Wrecker's Daughter," was performed on Thursday evening. It is a miserable play, but the Marian of Miss Tree probably rendered it worth witnessing. In New York it succeeded principally through her performance of this character.

AURORA BOREALIS.

This beautiful phenomenon was visible in N. York, on the evening of Saturday last. The display lasted for some hours, and from the accounts we have read, must have been one of unusual splendour. The horizon was cloudy, but huge masses of light emanated from it and ended in a glowing cloud in the centre of the heavens. The usual undulating rays of light were not visible, but the sky seemed striped with pillars of unwavering brilliancy, which remained unmoved while the whole gradually faded into darkness.

We board an eminent medical practitioner observe the other day, that in dissecting the heads of condemned murderers, he has invariably found the lower part of the brain, completely indurated, and tinged with a deep saffron colour! After this we can think of this practice without horror. Saffron-coloured brains!

FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The following nominations have already been made by the opponents of the present administration, for the next presidency Clay—Daniel Webster and Nicholas Biddle.

PHILADELPHIA ALMS HOUSE.

The main buildings of the Alms House, which are situated on a beautiful eminence, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, commanding a panoramic view of the most varied and striking character, are four in number, forming the square, occupying and enclosing an area of about ten acres. The Alms House, which fronts the Schuylkill, is a majestic piece of architecture, and in their cellars, and lest inclined to enter into chimerical speculations, they may therefore weather the storm without perfect ruin—but as of New York are hopeless, irretrievably ruined.—The crisis is even now distant, and yet we are crushed. The sapiency of our general government has wrought a grave for our city, and its consorts—we are unable to do more than that our mercantiles, who, six months gone could insist at Cæsar's fortunes, now fill a Cæsar's grave. I have but one consolation, and that is of my Jacksonism to become the abuser and will not intrude upon your time with expressions of reanatiasm. "Enough for the day &c."

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CAPTAIN MARRYATT AND THE HEIRESS APPARENT.

At a recent festival, held by the English in N. York in honour of the birth of her majesty of the Princess Victoria, Heiress Apparent to the British Throne, Captain Marryatt was present as a guest, and on being toasted, arose and delivered the following novel and singular address for which we are indebted to the New York Albion:

Gentlemen,—I assure you that it is with great pleasure that I find myself surrounded with so many fellow countrymen, at so short a distance from my native land; and further, that we are met to celebrate the birth of an event of so much interest.

Our own gallantry will enable me fully to enter into my feeling, when I state to you that I have always conceived—and I trust I may say it without being accused of disloyalty—that I could serve a Queen with even greater zeal and fidelity than I could a king. Indeed, it would appear that women are more calculated to wield the sceptre than man; for if we refer to our own history, we shall find that England never was so great and so glorious as under the dynasty of the Queens, although they sometimes were surrendered up their hearts to individuals, they never sacrificed their heads upon *home publicum*. Gentlemen, I have minutely investigating every point of government at present existing, and have come to the conclusion—that the most legitimate, the one most approaching to perfection, and most beneficial to the people, is a Female Government.

The advantages which would be derived from a youthful Queen being surrounded by a youthful Ministry are many, but I will only instance a few.

In the first place—we should no longer hear an outcry against enormous and servility of courtiers, for there could be no objection to any one the knee to Youth and Beauty.

It would be a great saving to the country—for were any of us to solicit a pension from the fascinating Queen, she would require no more than contented with one of her sweetest smiles, and instead of taxing the people with the emoluments of a place, the lovely Chancellor of the Exchequer would satisfy the applicant by signing his bill he already had a part of her affections.

At present we say the King can do no wrong—and his Ministers alone are responsible. But in a female government were constituted as I propose, no one would ever allow that either her Majesty or her Ministers could do wrong—and love and loyalty would be united to the throne.

A little intrigue will find its way into all Government, but I do not think that the species of intrigue to be expected in the one I refer to, would be at all injurious to the Constitution.

Gentlemen, that there is a strong feeling towards the form of government in England, is made evident from the manner in which the people who hold offices under the Crown; but as I perceive that you are already influenced with the idea and I do not wish to produce revolutionary feelings, I shall drop the subject.

For the honour you have done me by drinking my health, you have my thanks and gratitude—and now you have to leave the room, and your remaining yours, and to indulge the hope that some day or another we may link over the histories of this meeting, when we shake hands in Old England, and have been assembled upon the Princess, and drink to the health of the Queen.

Liverpool, April 23.—Although the advices received yesterday from New York could not but have produced considerable alarm, and a want of confidence which the previous advices had inspired, accompanied as those advices were by a large stock of cotton, and a very short crop, the least weakened by the numerous and extensive failures we have unfortunately to announce to take place in the United States. The demand for cotton, which has continued unabated, has even augmented continued to the close of the week, the sales reaching the unusual, of late, amount of 30,000 bags. To this demand was superadded a speculative demand of 5,000 bags in addition to the 30,000 previously sold, we discovered of.

Latest From Florida.—From a passenger just arrived on board the steam boat John Storey, Capt. Floyd, which left Black Creek on Monday last, we learn that intelligence had been received there that an expedition, under Lieut. R. M. Taylor, of the Army, had been undertaken from Lake Monroe to the upper part of the St. Johns river, during which they had discovered a large lake, heretofore unknown to the whites—that the Indians were cultivating large fields of corn, sugar cane, &c. on the property left Colonel Rees having discovered the crop of Lieut. F. had come to an understanding with the Indians themselves, and that Powell is a Chief among them. The negroes state that the Indians have large herds of cattle, and Colonel Rees's

THE OLIO

VOLUME V. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851. NUMBER 10.

Where'er the spring is: Life,
That gives it all its flavours.

ANTHOLOGIA AMERICANA.—No. II.

EXTRACT FROM THE POEM OF HOLL. ZED.

Attributed to the pen of Jack Gee Whimler.

She stood behind the tavern bar,
Where bottles ranged upon the shelf,
Showed all their poisons free might drink,
Who dared look for the pelf.
Her hair was of the raddest dye,
With a ruby nose and chin,
Her eye shot fire, her eye was quick,
And in her hand she carried a stick,
To mix the sugar with gin.
'Twas from a foreign Indian, which,
Had grown beside a noxome ditch,
'Twas where, though filled with mud and snow
A water-nose his bottle had thrown.
Who enters in the tavern door,
With loss of cane and brow of gloom,
With sentence took around the room,
Is evening now the bar-room finds,
Why laughs Mad Jog within that room,
To see that man so silly come.
Knows she who comes although a'ry,
Unto the tavern's painted bar,
Ah! well she knows that ne'er she must,
Sell liquor so that man on come.
Loud laughed she then, and then she spake,
With startling voice that almost broke.
Ah, ha! said she, no longer here,
Not e'en a drop of Rudmon's beer,
Without the cash to me you pole,
Long time have I in silence been,
The picking up your lengthened score.
Sooner my rum-jugs will I crash,
Than sell my liquor without cash.
Despite of frown and angry lacker,
I know so well you love the liquor.
Although it does no good, and harm
Unto you, will it less the charm,
Which it all your frid'ousness yet,
Whatever ne'er you can or will forget. Nemo.

THE DESCRIPTIVE.—Considering the circumstances of the case, the bumpkin's description of the tie is one of the best sketches imaginable. Having for the first time seen an animal of the kind, he was afterwards asked if it was both a companion to describe it—" to tell him how I looked."

"Ham!—did you ever see a mule?"

"Yes."

"Well, a jackass looks just like a mule—only more so."

CURIOUS TITLE.—A book was printed during the time of Cromwell, with the following title:—"Eggs of Charity, laied by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye and Eat."

ANECDOTE.—The King of Prussia is frequently seen driving in modest carriage and pair wrapped up in a blue cloak, with his head covered in a large *casquette*. A short time since he was seen driving in this manner, and encountered the brilliant equipage of Count H——, as the road was narrow, and the coachmen quarrelsome for great peace. The Count, who did not know the King by sight, was determined to make the poor carriage give way. Frederick William, curious to know his competitor, enquired his name. "I am the rich Count H——," replied the rich magnifico, to the King's servant. G—— and tell him, said the King, "that I am the poor King of Prussia," and at the same time ordered his coachman to let the Count pass.

ORIGIN OF THE PLASTIC ART.—Pliny says that one Dibutades a Sycyonian potter, in a letter passed for the inventor of the Plastic Art. The account he gives is probably more legend than true. He says that the daughter of Dibutades being in love with a youth who was going on a journey drew lines around the shadow of her face by lamp light on the wall, which her father improving with clay made a real face and hardened it by fire; and this set the example of modelling the human face and Bertin.

A MERCHANT who had lately died at Isfahan and left a large sum of money, was so great a niggard, that for many years he denied himself and his son, a young boy, every support, even meat, a crust of coarse bread. He was however one day tempted by the description a friend gave him of the flavour of cheese, to buy a small piece; but before he got home he began to regret his hasty with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged his child to do the same, notwithstanding the great against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination.

One day that he returned home later than usual, he found his son eating his crust; and rapped it against the door. "What a you about you fool?" was his exclamation. "If a dinner time father; you have the key, so I could no open the door; I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get the bottle." "You not you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal! you'll never be rich!" said the angry miser, as he locked the poor boy to eat being able to deny himself the ideal gratification.—*Sketches of Persia.*

STRAIT OF A HEAD.—"For the love of good old port," exclaimed Parallel, as if alarmed lest me beg of you not to exhibit me your handpiece; there's nothing to be done without it—and, now ever has been.

"I must differ with you there, Mr. Parallel," said the sensor, modestly; "for I myself am a very difficult thing done, literally without a head."

Galvanised, I suppose," uttered the doctor in a tone of inquiry," the power of the better is wonderful."

"There assuredly was a battery, doctor," rewas not the lieutenant, laughing, "and a very sharp one, too. But the event I'm speaking of had no connexion with galvanism: it was sheer muscular motion."

"Out with it, Seymour." "Let's have it by all means." "It will be an accident for the point." "Out with it!" burst simultaneously from all.

"It certainly is curious," said the first lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance and happening to look at the silver half of the old Sharnanon. We were running into Kingstown, mate—Cowen, with a pennant on—I as a purser's account at the mainmast, and a spanking crowded at the gaff-end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight. As we galloped along, whom should I spy from Santa Cruz, the free-hearted boy ye at the entrance, came way into our boats. Tell him we're pretty well, thanks," shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his morning, briefly pointed to his wife, pipe, chest and the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the enemy's sail between his pant, right between the shoulder and waist of his head as clean as you would cut a turnip. He fell a stone dead, according to the doctor, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up into his body at first a fashion and a half, and actually descended a square foot or two before it stopped, when it fell, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the ransport in that way; not "as it he got to the bow, and was steering, but round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when accordingly to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen—sheer muscular motion."

He would, no doubt, have been a good Methodist, Seymour, if he had been a Turk," observed Parallel, "for he's totally

"He couldn't come the right-about face," said Penalty, "having lost his head. It would have been a convincing sight to have seen him without arms. Fray, did he come to the present?"

"No, not yet to the extent," replied the seaman," observed Parallel, "or else he'd be grounded his arms, and his head too."—*Gentry's Miscellany.*

The following bit of drollery appears in a late London paper, as quite recent. It has a smack of "dressed up," no doubt, by the reporter, but scenes and incidents not much less odd and original, are actually to be found stimulating among the congregated thousands of the mighty city:—

Lodger v. Manager and Four Young Women.—This case was brought before Mr. Conant and Mr. Hall, charged by the police with having been found lodging together in Oxford street. No little convenience was caused by a detail of the circumstances of the case.

On Sunday night last the complainant and friend, and defendants and friend, dined together in front of a pie shop in Wardour street. The complainant's olfactories having been irresistibly tempted by the savory smell of sundry hot pies, he walked into the shop with his friend to become a couple. While examining the tin rod which rails the little dainty, the defendant and friend, tell them came strangers, came in and solicited the "something to eat." The attentive person inquired which the gentlemen would have—Hard, veal, or mutton? The defendants, considering no one, fastidiously observed, in hollering, and not incorrectly, that the dispensing restaurateur was levelled at him, turned round and, looking at the speaker full in the face, said with a provoking laugh, "Yer a blessed ugly mouth to eat mince pies with." This was a "touch on the raw," the defendant's mouth being one of "amazing large dimensions," to use the gentleman's description; so, walking up to the complainant, he declared he was competent to "sell any one nine times out of ten for a shilling." The chairman replied he watched only eight times, but his check was equal to nine; and if any body threatened to "sell" him, the person who did so might stand a chance of getting "well rapped" himself. This being constructed into a challenge by the defendant, he struck the complainant, and a general fight took place, which was ended by the police.

Mr. Conant, under the complainant it he had made up allusion to the size of the defendant's mouth;

The complainant replied he had said something about it, after he had indirectly been called "a fool."

Mr. Hall—I suppose an eel pie is not considered to be a fool's dish in the other sort of pies?

The gentleman, who was present, conceiving this to be a capital opportunity to display his gastronomic propensities, said that, for his part, never was he satisfied up a penny, is made of fish with beer heads and tails and hinsides, and all on it, hopped up in pepper. He (the speaker) couldn't any mode with the merry best meat or silver heads tended a tasty tureen. Now if you wants a up to mince with a sweet knife.

The prisoners, without this, was here cut short, very much to his mortification.

The bench desired all parties to retire and try a better mode of settling, but with the merry hands, one refused to be pacified; but at length an amicable arrangement was entered into, and the case was dismissed.

The following article is distinguished for its truth and point: we publish it in hope that a may take the fancy of some of our very kind friends who are readers:

THE PRINTERS SOLILOQUY.

"To stop, or, "to most just piano arrange,
That out of subscribers are so ungrateful
In paying their arrears! They cann t think
That we shoe, who publish to the world
News from all nations, and delight to spread
Useful instruction through our spacious land,
Can men who live on air! "In flesh and blood
They seke either of 'em up. Among those
Who wear shoes,
Well a sound, and ready for their eager eyes.
The flesh and blood must be earned of—
As well as theirs, or else the press must stop.
This calls for cash! And then how many rouse
Us, pays no account off, and scattered wide,
For which no length of credit will be given,
If given at all—beside the type and ink,
A dozen things required to be done we print,
For which our money must be somewhere.
O that our readers would consider this!
O while they in splendid bath our pages o'er,
And gather information from its columns—
"Do I not owe for one, two, three, or four
Years, one, six months, who acquires we with
This sheet?" And O! that he was bit only add,
I will go, even now, and pay him! No shrink we
Would from our duty, but would more cheerfully
Our useful toils—While conscience would applaud
Their conduct, and give relish to the rest
We may prepare. Come then good friend, and soon

RETRENCHMENT.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.—"Why, Dick," said Jem Shatterly to his friend. Abel Dugout while standing in front of the Astor House, "why Dick, how you do look!" Dick, without deigning the article closely with his eye-glass,—"Yes," said he, "I have been looking over my drawings my books and papers at the countinghouse, and have come across many a relic of my former extravagant days, and overlooked in the case, which proved to be quite profitable. I say you—here, it is true, a coat wanted a cut as well as rich dusting, brushing, scouring, mending, darning, and all the other cosmetic matters—there were twelve month and more, when I hope to ensure specie proposals." "Well, then," said Jem Shatterly, "you must have commenced a reform system." "To be sure I have. I curse did Jackson until I could get Congress to pass an hearthy—praised that same patriot would Henry Clay, Kendall, Ritchie, and a host more of suffering, cursing, ranting, raving, and so forth. I determined to endure all without a murmur, to cut off every expense, and thus secure myself against all future disaster. My tailor stares when I order a coat, but he has begun to set sail with a diminished cargo, and a single pair of trousers will do me for a year, and will soon be needful to pay all. Thus, you will say, was a good determination, and one of great necessity in consequence in as gentlemen—the desire to keep pace with fashion and ruin generally. In all such games at hazard, which compel us to rent a house and furniture, and to set up a carriage of the day. Why, Abel, now I think of it when I owned with you last Sunday, Polly Watkins remembered, visited upon me a pair of cabriolet at \$1 per dozen, instead of Gil Davis's Nanny Gallop, Gallop, Gallop, Polly, &c., &c., lastly cutting off the supplies." "Alas, you have indeed," said Jem, "and I think I have dismissed up my troops, and called an inquest one of the first to die was the saucy young lady." "Polly Smallfry," says I to the saucy wagon on you receive?" "Eight dollars a month and found for Patty (to servants) and Tom." "Out take six, Polly, says I, and dismiss the other." "Then your servants are no longer required—Patty, Tom, and Polly." "Why, you are a chameleon-ed!" "Seven dollars." "You must come down to five." "I shant do so say I, Polly, unless you will find your own tea and sugar and a Tuscan bonnet." "Cut me it, then my, on you must go." "Dick, I owe you a month's wages as sous-cuisse, here it is and a recommendation for honesty and sobriety." "Sir, or, do you give up the couch?" "Yes, I keep no useless rest." "Bob, the waiter, you are dismissed also, but as you have managed my mistress for six years and made all my purchases, I take it for granted that you have laid up a little sum; you are wise! I call cabriolets." "Pretty well, sir, but I can't say as much for Polly Smallfry and I, talk of setting up a Welch rabbit house in Thomas st, next May."

Thus I went through the whole of my household troops and soon placed the whole concern on the peace establishment. After every one had left me I found myself to the garret, and under the eaves of the house, and found I had saved in the course of since 30 years old, besides one pair that had been worn in India, 4 quarter casks of pale sherry, 1 of old Port, and 10 cases of wine in bottle of Mrs. Gogsax, which lay snug in the counter and I." "Well, says I, this is the thing for me, I'll take to keep in these times, so I will send for Deacon Bell to dinner, and have a bottle of wine and knock down, and it was done. Pursuing our search for more wine, we discovered a pair of silver forks, silver tureens, silver waiters, silver plateaux, silver pitchers, magnificent chinaware and, exquisite cut glass, superb paintings by Raphael, Rubens, Tintoretta, &c. &c., presented by my numerous friends on my marriage with a church dame. Mary, says I, lay the worst upon you and I will keep these things without a sigh. Willingly, cheerfully, said she with a smile, a kind look, and a squeeze of the hand. "Now Charles," said I (Charles Bell, my family friend) "if I must take a broom or two from you when I marry, quit me." "Now take your choice of them, will you, and look over this memorandum of the sum total, when accordingly to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen—sheer muscular motion."

He would, no doubt, have been a good Methodist, Seymour, if he had been a Turk," observed Parallel, "for he's totally

"He couldn't come the right-about face," said Penalty, "having lost his head. It would have been a convincing sight to have seen him without arms. Fray, did he come to the present?"

"No, not yet to the extent," replied the seaman," observed Parallel, "or else he'd be grounded his arms, and his head too."—*Gentry's Miscellany.*

The following bit of drollery appears in a late London paper, as quite recent. It has a smack of "dressed up," no doubt, by the reporter, but scenes and incidents not much less odd and original, are actually to be found stimulating among the congregated thousands of the mighty city:—

Lodger v. Manager and Four Young Women.—This case was brought before Mr. Conant and Mr. Hall, charged by the police with having been found lodging together in Oxford street. No little convenience was caused by a detail of the circumstances of the case.

On Sunday night last the complainant and friend, and defendants and friend, dined together in front of a pie shop in Wardour street. The complainant's olfactories having been irresistibly tempted by the savory smell of sundry hot pies, he walked into the shop with his friend to become a couple. While examining the tin rod which rails the little dainty, the defendant and friend, tell them came strangers, came in and solicited the "something to eat." The attentive person inquired which the gentlemen would have—Hard, veal, or mutton? The defendants, considering no one, fastidiously observed, in hollering, and not incorrectly, that the dispensing restaurateur was levelled at him, turned round and, looking at the speaker full in the face, said with a provoking laugh, "Yer a blessed ugly mouth to eat mince pies with." This was a "touch on the raw," the defendant's mouth being one of "amazing large dimensions," to use the gentleman's description; so, walking up to the complainant, he declared he was competent to "sell any one nine times out of ten for a shilling." The chairman replied he watched only eight times, but his check was equal to nine; and if any body threatened to "sell" him, the person who did so might stand a chance of getting "well rapped" himself. This being constructed into a challenge by the defendant, he struck the complainant, and a general fight took place, which was ended by the police.

Mr. Conant, under the complainant it he had made up allusion to the size of the defendant's mouth;

The complainant replied he had said something about it, after he had indirectly been called "a fool."

Mr. Hall—I suppose an eel pie is not considered to be a fool's dish in the other sort of pies?

The gentleman, who was present, conceiving this to be a capital opportunity to display his gastronomic propensities, said that, for his part, never was he satisfied up a penny, is made of fish with beer heads and tails and hinsides, and all on it, hopped up in pepper. He (the speaker) couldn't any mode with the merry best meat or silver heads tended a tasty tureen. Now if you wants a up to mince with a sweet knife.

The prisoners, without this, was here cut short, very much to his mortification.

The bench desired all parties to retire and try a better mode of settling, but with the merry hands, one refused to be pacified; but at length an amicable arrangement was entered into, and the case was dismissed.

The following article is distinguished for its truth and point: we publish it in hope that a may take the fancy of some of our very kind friends who are readers:

THE PRINTERS SOLILOQUY.

"To stop, or, "to most just piano arrange,
That out of subscribers are so ungrateful
In paying their arrears! They cann t think
That we shoe, who publish to the world
News from all nations, and delight to spread
Useful instruction through our spacious land,
Can men who live on air! "In flesh and blood
They seke either of 'em up. Among those
Who wear shoes,
Well a sound, and ready for their eager eyes.
The flesh and blood must be earned of—
As well as theirs, or else the press must stop.
This calls for cash! And then how many rouse
Us, pays no account off, and scattered wide,
For which no length of credit will be given,
If given at all—beside the type and ink,
A dozen things required to be done we print,
For which our money must be somewhere.
O that our readers would consider this!
O while they in splendid bath our pages o'er,
And gather information from its columns—
"Do I not owe for one, two, three, or four
Years, one, six months, who acquires we with
This sheet?" And O! that he was bit only add,
I will go, even now, and pay him! No shrink we
Would from our duty, but would more cheerfully
Our useful toils—While conscience would applaud
Their conduct, and give relish to the rest
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Carriage and Pair, #1200; Barouche, 150; Hack, 100; Sleigh, 60; Pony, 35, Cart, Dog-cart, Wagon, 3,000; Pipe, 1,500; Chaise and Gig, 800; Piano-forte, 2,400; Piano, 800; Harp, 800; Total, 9,000.

Here's raising the wind for you and without raising it my fine fellow; and do you wish to know how I have got on? Why I have bought a snug farm of 60 acres, neat house, good garden, outhouses, &c. not many miles from the city, and I'm off to it to-morrow. There I shall plant no corn and potatoes, raise my own pigs and poultry, milk my cows, churn my butter, bake my bread, and by my own eggs, and whole skein in order. Here, I take, you, I'll again in my roundabout selling goods in miscellaneous short cradle and sore profits. So that my boy, hold up your head and look out for your dinner, and let him take me home in early time.—*New York Star.*

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS.

Up at six. Told Mrs. D. I'd merry pressing business at Woolwich, and off to Old Fish street, where I was very expecting breakfast to meet me, of jugged hare, partridge pie, jelly to sweet, gammon to a turkey, and other, you kind of a Thanksgiving warehouse: as he didn't choose Mr. F. and his young intimate friends to come he too a good, to hotspur himself with fire-barrels. After a good blow-out, sailed forth with our dogs and guns named: Mr. Waggles's French poodle; Miss Sutton Higgins's real Blenheim spaniel, 'pon; Hark's dirks, Mrs. Pepper's pet, if a lady; and my little thorough bred terrier; all which in time arranged in a regular line of march, and the dominion progressed.

Got into a Paddington bed of the Bank Blew fun tiger, who objected to said the hast only allowed parcels carried on the top. Accordingly, tied up the dogs in our pockets handkerchiefs, and carried them all the good on our knees. Got down at Paddington; and after glasses of sherry, talked on till we got into the fields, to a place which Higgins had baited with corn and pressed on every day for a month past. Found a covey of birds feeding. Dogs worry eager, and barked beautiful. Birds got up and turned out to be pigeons. Debate as to whether pigeons was game or not. Hicks said they were not, and Higgins said they were. Tried accordingly, and half killed two of these, vich half killed the dogs. Then we loaded our guns and began to fire off. Reloaded, and pigeons came round again. Last fly a second time, and tumbled two or three more over, and then I say, "Let's try something else." Agreed to. Found a covey of partridges